A pleasant and delightfull History,

of Galesus Cymon and Iphigenia:

Describing the fickleneſſe of Fortune in loue.

Tranſlated out of Italian into Engliſhe verſe, by T. C. Gent.

Di rozzo inerto, e vil, fa ſpeſſo amore.
Generoſo, et cortese, vn nobil core.

Printed by Nicolas VVyer, dvvelling at the ſigne of S. Iohn Euangeliſt in S. Martins pariſh beſides Charingcroſſe,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

¶ TO THE READER:

FOR SO MVCHE AS (gentle Reader) Man is not borne to ꝑ onely ꝓfice, and pleasu-ring of him self alone (as witnesseth TVLLIE.) But parte of his birth, his Countrey doth challeng: part his parents, and part his frendes: I thought good therfore, to offer vnto thy attentiue and benebolent eares, this ꝓsent Hiſtorie: wherin thou maiſt see, the puiſsant force of raging loue, and the mutabylytie, and fickle ſtate of Fortune: And so muche the rather, I haue yelded this Hiſtorie into thy hãdes, for ꝑ it is affirmed, of graue and ancient fathers, that a Hiſtorie is to be eſteemed & accompted, as a moſte cleare Glaſſe, for

imitacion, of ordering, and institution of mannes life. Both to yong men, that by reading of diuerse things, are made equall in wisdome, to their Elders: And also to Auncientes, whose continuance of time ministreth experience of many matters. Moreouer, that it maketh priuate men, worthye of honour: forceth stowte, and valiant Captaynes, (for emulation of glorie,) to accomplish inuincible exploites: Encourageth Sowldiers to be more prompt, and redy (for desire of praise whiche neuer dieth) to hazarde lyfe for the sauegarde of their Countrey. And is a terrour to wicked men to offend, for feare of Infamie and reproche. For a Historie is a Treasorer of Walfaunce, and a witnesse against yll doers. I craue not of thee any

hyre for my paynes (gentell Reader) but friendly acceptance, and that thou would stoppe with an Iron Barre, and Bolte of Brasse the belchyng Nosethrils of RHINOCEROS subtyll Snowte, and his raging, furious howling, cõpesce, and mitigate with perpended Judgement. And lastly, that thy friendly worde, breathyng & blowyng a coole, & gentle blaste, of Golden Ayre, maye happelie yeld, vnto my first frutts, a calme and fauourable winde.
Fare ye well.

Reade with aduice:
and scan w discretion.

Your Friend to vse,
T. C.

¶ The Argument.

Lo here, the fierie force of loue,
redeemes the worthy wit,
From seruile yoake: beinge drawnde in
and stinkyng muddie pytte. (sinckes
Beholde how Reason yeldes to loue,
and Vertue geueth place:
The Ruler, blinded by desire,
his noble fame deface.
And see how wauering Fortune turnes,
with euery blast of winde:
First, gentle face, then frowning frets,
she casts on longyng minde.
From lowryng lookes, to smilyng cheers
she eftsoones flittes againe:
The lingring louer thus she feedes,
with hope his loue to gaine.
And then from top of whirlyng wheele,
she throwes him in the saddes:
The captiue thence to raunsome then,
with aide in haste she sendes.
And graunts at length his wished pray
and onely hartes delight:
Which he enioyed against the force,
of forreine foes despight.

A pleasant and most delightfull Historie of GALESVS, CYMON, and IPHIGENIA.

A Ile stande in TRITONS reigne,
that CYPRVS hath to name:
A Seate sometime, of Kingdomes fyne,
renowmde with lasting fame.
And for the great Amenitie,
and fertilnes of soyle:
Not subiect, or of value lesse,
then any Occean Ile.
Wherin, recorded lieth in time,
of aged Fathers dayes:
Amongst the Auncient Chronicles,
and Monumentes of praise.
This Historie, so rare to heare,
as pleasant to be read:
Of such as can with skyll peruse
the same, with iudgyng head.

There wisdom was a noble man,
that ARISTIPPVS hight:
Whom Fortune deckt w̄ worldly giftes
aboue ech other wight.
So that, both learned well, he might
and lustly happie bee:
If his good day not clouded were
with Fortunes Tirannie.

A.iiij. For

Formare sonnes he had, yet one
in beauty bare the Bell:
In seemlynes of stature, eke
dyd others farre excell.
For all these giftes of nature, yet
a meycocke wretch, was he:
Whose name, his Parents first allignde,
GALESVS for to bee.
But sithe, he neither could conceiue,
by Tutours learned mouthe:
The documentes of PALLAS Arte,
nor Muses skyll in youthe.
Ne yet his fathers, graue Aduise,
nor industrie of gyde:
Could make him leade a Courtiers lyfe
or from his follie slide.
And (for his speache was grosse, & thicke
and he enclined more
To beastly, rude behauiour, then
to ciuyll Courtly lore.)
He was of all men (SIMON) called,
in iest, in sporte and game:
Which word inferth, in Cyprian tongue
a vyle, reprochefull name.
And when his idle sluggish life,
was griefe, to fathers harte.
And of redresse, he saw all hope
was plainly laide aparte:
And fearyng, least he should be vexte
with dayly present woe:

Dent

Sent CYMON, to vplandyſh ſoyle,
farre from his ſight to goe.
And Husbandrie to practiſe there.
amongſte the Clownish ſorte:
Of ſuche as delue, wt Spade & Shoine,
not lyke to Cytie ſporte:
Which thing, delighted Cymons heart
(for one ſo rude, as he,
Do loue in Swinish maners more
then in Cyuilitie.)

Whylſte he therfore, in Countrey tolls
and trauayle ſpendes the day:
In tearyng vp with tuſked Ploughe,
the Lande, (that doth repay
Twice toulde, and yearely, treble gain)
his minde he doth conuerte:
Vnto all liberall Sciences,
of Cliche to learne the Arte.
It chaunc'de therfore vpon a daye,
at after none, as hee
Was walkynge, through his Fathers
his Meades, & Groues to ſee. (fields
Alone with walkynge ſtaffe in hande
he entred in a wood:
But ſmall: yet paſſyng ſweete of all,
that in the Countrey ſtode.
And (for it was the Month of May)
and temperate pleaſant Ayre:

Beyng clothd wᵗ grene delightful hew,
it seemde to CYMON faire. (ghes
Where dainly walkyng by and downe,
with gazing here and there:
To view the pleasure, of the place,
(Foxtune his guide) came nere:
And soote by soote, he passed through,
a litle Meadow plotte:
Which hugie Trees, with loftie toppes,
had compast, as a Moate.
And through the place, a Riuer ranne,
whose springyng Siluer Streames
Did flow with coole, & glitteryng ebbes,
against fir PHEBVS Beames.
Not farre from which, vpon the grasse
he viewd, with fyxed eye:
A Virgyn there, surprisde with sleepe,
of Beautie great, to lie.
The Garment, wherwith she was clad,
was thinne, and shonne so bright,
That almost no parte, of her Corps,
was hid from CYMONS sight.
And she was girtte, belaw the waste,
with Lynnen, white as Lilies:
Nigh her two handmaides, toke their rest
an Eunuche, slept likewise.
When Cymon first, this Virgyn viewd
amazde, he stode in mynde:
Lyke as if he, in all his dayes,
had not seene Womankinde.

And leanyng on his knaggy staffe,
beholdes her Courtly grace:
And speachlesse rests, and marketh well
the Beautie of her face.
With diligence he prieth aboute,
with never winkyng eye:
Tyll all proporcions of her face,
he dyd directly spie.
Then forthwith, in his fencelesse head,
and grosse polluted mynde:
(Which no Keye of Arsnitie,
by dertisment of feinde,
And thousand gentle documentes,
could pearce, before this tyme.)
This new beutie, is risen now,
this thought, his fancie clime:
Which musing, he in blockish brayne,
to reason thus began:
And beyng blanch as he was,
in troubled heade, dyd scan
The fulgent brightnesse of her face,
and (oh what ryding,) sayd his,
Is equipollent, in this worlde
to her forasmitie?
Then ponder'd he with fudgyng eye,
her amiable looke:
And view'd the Virgyns feminitie,
in lieu of Psalter Booke.
And noated all her lineamentes,
of perfects forme and shape:

And

And prayſed greatly in his heart,
in Natures Arte, his happe
And firſt her Heare, like goulden wyre,
he paynted forth with prayſe,
And fully was reſolued in minde,
they ſhonne as PHEBVS rayes.
And then her forehead, noſe, & mouthe,
her necke, her Armes and breaſt:
To laude in heart, and muſe theron
in mynde, he neuer ceaſte.
Thus he, a rude, vplandiſh man,
in twincklyng of an eye:
Is now become of Beautie Iudge,
to ſtan of Phiſnomie.
His greateſt care, was now to ſee,
her ſplendent gliſteryng eye:
Whiche drowned with ſleepe & drowſie
faſt cloſde w lids, did lie. (dreames
Whiche, (CYMON) that he might be,
was minded to awacke: (holde
From ſleepe, this Damſell bright y he
the view therof might take.
But ſithe ſhe faireſt ſeemde of all
that earſt he ſawe with eye:
He gan to feare, leaſte that ſhe were
a Goddeſſe in the Skie.
And (for he was ſo blont of witte,
that well he did not know:
yf heauenly things, more worthy were
then things on earth that grow.

Therfore

Therfore somwhat, he bridled lust,
and staide a time to see,
If that her eyes, of owne frée wyll
would wake, or opened bée.
And though this pawlinge seemed long,
and griefe it was, to staye
Vnwonted pleasure, heald his hearte
from partyng yet awaye:
Thus CYMON gazyng styll, and yet
entoyng lybertie
To gaze: out of her slœpe, behould
she waketh by and by.
Her name highte IPHIGENIA,
(so Parentes did deuise)
Whiche, when she lifted vp her head,
and opened wide her eyes:
And CYMON leanyng on his staffe,
before her stande, she sée:
Amazde in minde, these wordes, or lyke
to hym then vttered shée.
(For Cyprians, knew their CYMON
for his simplicitie: (well,
And partly for his Fathers wealthe,
and great Nobylytie.)
What seekste thou CYMON in this
at this tyme of the daye? (wood,
Why wandrest thou so farre from home
what causeth thée to staye?
But Answere CYMON vttred none
to IHPHIGENIA:

But

But first his staryng eyes, on hers,
not lokyng once away.
For sure (he thought) a passyng smell,
and great suavitie
Proceded from the fulgent light,
of pleasant pearcyng eye.
Which warmd his heart wt present light
and sodeine, wontlesse ioy:
(A soueraigne salue to Maladies,
to Cares, the chiefe annoye.)
But when the Virgyn well had markd
his neuer winkyng loke:
A chillyng horrour shakd her limmes
and feare her Senses toke.
For doughte, least his vncivill lyfe,
with Clounish maners fraught:
Might cause suspect, of Virgyns vaunts
that he, the pray had caught.
(Which seyng, might without desert,
redownde to her reproche:
And knowyng well, how sclaunderous
on Virgyns fame encroche:) (tongs
In haste her handmaides she awaite,
in purpose to departe:
And farswell (CYMON) then she saide,
Adieu with all my harte.
The answered CYMON, in this sore,
my heart shall wayte on thee:
(My ioye) my selfe where ere thou go,
shall beare thee companie.

And

And though she flatly wyll refuse,
his offred curteske:
yet could she not reiect her Gate,
vntyll with open eye
she viewd, the stately dwellyng place,
of her that made him thrall:
Whose Aunsweres were to him more
then taske of bytter gall. (sharpe
For when that swelteyng heate of loue
his boyle within his brest:
And flamyng fire, did burne his lyuer
and rage his hart oppreest.
And that he traun'de of her, (to quench
his drowgh,) one droppe of grace:
She spewd forth spiteful taũting glikes
at him, with frowning face.
And yet that moste procur'd his griefe,
was partyng from her sight:
That had attachd his sences all
with view, of liuely light.
For (when she past, with stealyng steps,
her Fathers bugie Gate:)
his hard the same vp might & mayne,
against her friendly Gate.
Then hoted not, he knew right well,
with showtyng cryes to call:
And then perceiued, she found his lone,
yet he remaynde her thrall.
A thousãd thoughts then bend his wits
by Cause and Cucke of wrong.

And sundrie fancies framde, in hym
the rote of griefe to grow:
His Brayne was eke, besiegde wᵗ care,
what wayes he might deuise:
To conquere hate: and gaine the loue,
of hir, that bleard his eyes.
Thus musing now in minde, he standes
in stydie colde as Ice:
And styll deuising how he may
atchiue his enterprise.
At length determinde, to reuerte,
vnto his mansion place:
And styll he wayde, in tracte of time,
to lyke for better grace.
And tumbled now, on carefull couche,
in Countrey Cabyn lay:
Inuentyng seuerall wayes, now this,
now that, he did assay.
But (sundrie consultacions passde,)
in ende, he dyd conclude:
To liue exilde from Countrey soyle,
(for Countrey Clownes are rude.)
Therfore, to Courte in haste, he hyes
hym, to his Fathers howse:
And dowtely to his Parentes sweares
that he wyll vanish the Plowes
No lenger now, or digge, and delue,
and be a Countrey Slaue:
But loathyng Countrey life, begyns,
a ciuill lyfe to traue.

Then

Then newly gan his Fathers cares,
and treble, wonted woe:
His Friends, and Kinsmens griefe like-
began agayne to grow. (wise
yet purpose they, a while to stay,
the perfecte cause, to know:
Of soveyne chang, that sore'de this man
his former guise forgoe.
Therfore: whē Cupids shaft, had perc'de
this CYMONS restles hart:
Through which could neuer penetrate,
one iote of learned Arte.
When CYMONS, sence was rauished
with IPHIGENIAES face.
Whose pulchritude of lively looke,
his glimpse of eye, did daze.)
Ye, was not he, but chang'd his coate,
his maners he began
To change likewise, and was he come
from thence, an altred man.
This chang, to Courtiers seemed strang
a wonder, to his feres:
An admiration, to his kinne,
a ioy to fathers yeares.
Then of his Father, first he crau'd,
to be apparailed braue:
As others of his Brethren were,
and lyke Attire to haue.
His Father graunted his requeste,
and streight began he then

To matche himselfe, in felowshyp,
of Courtly Gentlemen:
With diligence, he searchde, what things
were, to a Louer fitte:
And now in studyng That'te of Loue,
did exercise his witte.
And (wich he is merueilous to tell,)
in Moments farte space:
To studie, geuyng holde delight,
he learnyngē did embrace.
Amongste the wise Philosophers,
he gayned likewise, fame
With musing mou'd, to all mennes minds
that knew of CYMONS name.
The cause, of all this soeryne change,
was IHPHIGENIAS loue:
Which made him banish lobbish lyke,
and rudenes to remoue.
For (loue his guide) he did reformē,
the flattyng of his tongue:
And of a dusked lisping voyce,
his speache moste sweetely ronge
In vttryng pleasant wordes, and hee
of Musicke learnde the Arte:
Of skyll in strydyng trampiyng Steedes,
he had likewise, his parte.
And skylfull was in feates of Armes,
and Actes of Chiualrie:
In warfare, well experienc'd tw,
by lande, and eke by Sea.

And briefly, leaſte his qualyties,
and vertuous dædes, I ſhew:
Firſt this, then that, particularly,
as in his hert they grew.
In fine, I ſay: in foure yeares ſpace:
he waxde a wiſer man:
And of more tried towardneſſe,
then any Cyprian.
So that, more eloquent in wordes,
and graue in countinaunce:
He was eſtæmde, then Courtiers all,
whom Fame, with prayſe did haunce.
What ſhall I therfore, ſpeake of loue:
my Pen how ſhall I frame:
To yelde to him, deſerued prayſe:
or blaſe his worthy fame:
For when the fatal Starres, had dewde
this CYMONS gentle heart:
With Gentleman lyke qualyties,
and ſkyll in Muſes Arte.
Diſdainfull nature, cauſde the ſame
within his hearte, to lie.
Faſt bownde & chaindo wt fettered linkes
in LETHE waues, to die:
And drowne for aye, in whirlepools huge
yet Loue vnſwounde the knotte:
And vanquiſht nature with his force,
as foe, to luckie lotte.
For Loue, oftimes is wonte to ratſe
from duſkiſh drowſie dreames:

The drowned wittes, in sincke of slouth
and Graue of LETHE streames.
And wrapt in cloudie darkenesse thick,
CVPIDO bringes to light,
The Senses renting seruile yoacke,
(suche is his payle, and might.
And causeth them w glimeryng beames,
eftsoones, for to appeare:
And shew to bright, to all mens sight,
as PHEBVS glorming Spheare.
And raunsomes ofte, the noble heartes,
from deepe, and darksome denne:
And brings thē, with his glittering rayes
vnto ELISIOS fenne.

Therfore, while swrithig heat, of loue
did thrill through CYMONS hert
And he did (as the amorous sorte,)
from right and reason starte:
Yet ARISTIPPVS was content,
whatsoeuer CYMON dyd:
And hoped to see his sonne, so chaungde,
which from his brest hath tyd
All noysome cares: for that by loue
his CYMON now became:
From first, a sheepe, and clownish lowte
a cyuill Gentyleman.
The Father, dayly addeth Spurres,
vnto his Sonnes desire:
And willes him neuer stay, tyll he
vnto his lustes aspyre.

When

When CYMONS minde conceu'd the (truth
his name GALESVS bight:
Remembring IPHIGENIA, callde
hym, CYMON, in despight.
It greu'd his hearte, and then his care
was, to extirpe that fame:
And out of memrie, roote and wede,
that lewde despightfull name.
And studying diuerse times, to quenche,
his parchyng Brondes, of loue:
(Whose fierie flakes, his heart assayde,
and mirth to mew had droue.)
Of IPHIGENIAS father, he
(who CYPSEVS bight) did craue.
In gaynyng of his doughters loue,
his friendly wyll to haue.
But he affirmthe, a former graunte,
is now alredy passe:
And his consent, to PASYMONDE,
before was fully plac'de.
And said, he would not falsifie
to him, his plyghted trouthe:
(This PASMONDE was a Gentlemā
of RHODES, and flower of youthe.
And now the time, to celebrate
The spousels, draweth nere:
The Bridegroms sent, to fetch the Bride
with gladsome merie cheere:
All this, when CYMON had reuolu'd
and pondred in his breft:

The time approcheth now, thought hée,
to purchase quiet rest.
Yf ever, now: he minded to shewe
to IPHIGENIA:
The scorching heate, of burning loue,
that in his brest did staye.
And now with diligence, to proue
his vowed Loyaltie:
With mightie hande, for to withstande
her partynge from his eye.
For thée, (he said) I frie and swelt,
in Fornace, of desire:
For of a Beaste, to manly shape
thou madste mée to aspire.
Yf that the Gods wyll graunte, that I
to wyfe, may thee enioye:
And thy Societie, to embrace,
that shall my cares destroye.
And doubtlesse, would I thinke in ioye,
to passe my goulden yeares:
And for to leade an Angelles lyfe,
amongst the Princelie Péeres,
And certes, Death shall ende my dayes,
with dint of bloudie knife:
But I, in spite of hatefull foes,
wyll winne thee to my wyfe.
Ye (reasonyng thus, in troubled brayne,)
his friendes by stealth dyd call:
(Suche as were borne, of noble bloud,
to know what should befal.)

To

To priuate counsell, whiche he helde,
and opened there his minde:
To them, & what he woulde haue done,
he leaueth not behinde.
A Ship, then closely, he prepares,
and deckes with furniture:
Mete for the warre by Sea: and longe
against his foes, to dure.
Whiche victaild well, and armed then
he enters in the Ship.
And cuttes the Seas, and sayle, & sterne,
to EOLVS doth commyt.
The restlesse Diue, that beares his Barke
with waltryng waues on Sea:
Rowes wambling forth: w hope & mirth
were fedde his Mates and he,
Away, the merie Mariner hales,
deuyding fomyng streames:
The braggyng Boy, hies vp to toppe
of Mastes loftie Beames.
The wauering Flag for Joy is vaunt,
the Seas begyn to swell:
And he in hope amidst the stormes,
of surgyng Seas, do dwell.
And there, for IPHIGENIA ES Sayle,
he purposde then to staye:
In whiche the Rhodians, to her Lorde
to Rhodes, shoulde her conuaye.
And now the Father of the Bryde,
receyu d with courtesie:

And honor greate: the men of Rhodes,
whiche from her husbande bee:
To Cyprus sent, to that intent,
to fetche her home in peace:
Whiche shortly leaue, the fertyll lande,
and launche vnto the Seas.
And towards Rhodes, their Sayles they bende
and Maistes they do directe: (bende
But CYMON lo, whiche to that ende,
(therof not once suspecte.)
Had warely watchde, with wakyng eye,
the morowe nexte appeare:
When PHEBVS banished, mistie cloude
and shonne in Skies full clere. (des
And with his garnisht Barcke for warrs
adournde with Armour bright:
Encountred IPHIGENIAS hulke,
not distant farre from sight.
And standynge formost in the front
of swiftie Nauies Snoute:
To IPHIGENIAS companie,
he cryeth with clamour stoute,
And saith: abide ye men of Rhodes,
and quickly strike ye Sayle:
Els none shall scape the Gulphe of Seas
(excepte my heart mis fayle.
Then drew his foes, their shinig Blades
and armde themselues for fight:
With courage stoute, and force, for to
withstande sir CYMONS might.

Wher to,

Wherto, when CYMON had respecte,
he threw with manly might,
A Grapple in the Rhodians Shippe,
to let the same from flight.
Wherwith, he staide their Barke: & then
most firmely fastned it
Unto his Ship, with stemmes of Brasse,
armde for the purpose fitte.
And lyke the maned Lyon then,
not crauynge aide of Mates:
Alone he leapes into their Ship,
and troubleth all estates.
For (loue, augmentyng then his force,)
he runnes with valiant hearte:
Upon his foes, with bytyng Glaiue,
and playeth the Tigers parte.
And lyke the Calydonian Boare,
or LERNAS Lyons fierce:
Whom ere he ratcht, w Trensher bryght
their faintyng lyms, did pearce.
From some, he caru'd the shoulder beane,
from others, made to slyde
The legges: from others, he lykewyse
dyd heade from Corps deuide.
And when of them were diuers slayne,
and many wounded sore:
And here did one, another there,
lye sprawlyng in the flore.
The Rhodians, then perceyuyng well,
their force, was farre vnlyke:

And halfe despeyzyng, in their strength,
thought boteleſſe was to stryke,
Or make resistance: and they sawe
by flight they could not scape.
To him did yelde their captiue corse,
to whome, thus CYMON spake.

YE men of Rhodes, not want of wealth
nor grædinesse of prayze:
Nor cancred hate, restes in my hearte,
or towardes you do staye:
That mou'd mée come, from Cyprus soyle:
and you vnarmde, inuade,
In midste of Seas: beyng armde my selfe,
with kéene and caruyng Blade.
But this is cause, that forze mée thus,
and sæmeth great, to mée:
Whiche to atchieue, I make accompte,
a recompence to bée.
In guerdon of my former toyle,
and hyze of trauayle paste,
Whiche easely, and with quyet, you
may graunt: (and purchase rest.
Myne IPHIGENIA, she it is,
who dearer is to mæ:
And gratefull more, then lande or lyfe,
is her societie.
Whome, when by gentle meanes I could
not of her Father gayne:

Loue

Loue forc'de me the with Shield, w Speare
and Sworde, her loue obteine.
And armde with glitteryng Helme, & creste
by violence her to take
From you: For so my mynde is bent,
my Spouse and fære to make
Her. And in lieu of PASYMONDE
his function execute:
Wherfore, deliuer her to me,
in haste, without pursuite.
And NEPTVNE guidyng well your sayles
to passe the swellyng Seas:
Reuerte into your natiue lande,
and hence departe with peace.
The Rhodians then, whom force cõstraind
not franke, and fræ good wyll:
With weepyng eyes, the Virgyn yelded
Sir CYMON now vntyll.
Which, when she saw her Lorde was pledg
and ransome for the rest:
The trickling teares, like flowing streames
distylled downe her brest.
Then (gentle Virgyn) CYMON said,
blurre not thy face with teares:
But drie thine eyes, and cease thy griefe,
there is no cause of feares.
I am thy CYMON, that long time,
haue lou'd thee in my hearte:
And more deserue'd thee, to my wife,
then PASMONDE, for his parte.

For

For broylyng brands, of lawlesse loue,
haue pearc'd for thée, my beest:
And PASMONDE onely claymeth thée
by reason of bæheest
And couenaunt, which thy father made,
(this said) he doth returne,
Unto his Pates; whiche in the Shippe,
did all that time, sojourne.
And brought his IPHIGENIA
to Ship with him by hande:
Unspoyde, of stuffe, the Rhodian Ship
he sent to Rhodian lande.
Then CYMON, which on lyue, did think
himselfe the happiest wight:
Enrichde with suche a Royall pray,
and precious to his sight.
Druised with his felowes nowe,
their voyage to directe:
On Seas, not to the Cyprian Soyle:
but backewarde to reflecte.
By commen counsel holden, they
agreed, to Créte to sayle:
Where all, & chiefly CYMON thought,
their foes coulde not preuayle.
Against them there, for that they had
both friendes and kinsmen to:
So nowe, by all mens full consent,
to Myle of Créte, they go.
Then lanche they forth, & boiste by Sayle
(O TRITON be their guide:

And

And bryngs them safe to wished Porte,
their face from foes to hide.)
But see how wayward Fortune now,
begyns to turne her wheele:
And grutchyng at his good successe,
her croked Spyndelles reele.
For she that CYMON gratified,
with IPHIGENIA:
As noble, famous Goddesse: now
hath torne her face away.
And changde his Joyes, e goulden happe,
in moment of an howre:
To soakyng sighes, to waylynge grones,
of frownyng Fortunes lowre.
Be packynge Muses, to your Mownte,
your helpe is boteleste, heere:
I must amongst the Hellish shades,
go seeke, to finde MEGERE.
ALECTO, flie from LIMBO lake,
and scudde from PLVTOS denne:
And with your aide, assiste my Verse,
directe my rugged Penne.

TWice. iij. houres. scarcely ended were
Sithe Rhodians home returne:
But night with dimming darkenesse came,
and mistie clouds by turne
Appearde in Skies: to CYMONS hearte,
a joyfull wished night.

Which

Which shuld be pleasãt moze, he thought
to him: then euer chaũge de to wight.
But loe, a stozmie tempest rise,
the Skies with cloudes are blacke:
And waule Seas, with whirlyng winds,
do tosse the Shippes to wzacke.
This hurly burly, blindes their eyes,
and dulles their Sences so:
That of them all, not one man knew,
what thynge was best to dw.
Foz all men, then began to feare,
forgettyng Shipmens skyll:
But who can paint with pzoper tearmes
oz plainly Pen, with quyll.
What griefe ỹ tyme, gripte CYMONS
foz Goddes would not regarde: (hart
Ye thought, the forze of flamyng loue,
and sithe before he sparde
Not: lyfe to lose, his loue to winne,
in thought, then sure, said he:)
With sharper stinge of death, the Gods,
wyll take reuenge on mee.
Now Cymons Mates, do wæpe & wayle
But IPHIGENIA
Aboue the rest shed bitter teares,
and ofte cried wellawaye.
And gulfde wt gripyng fittes, did quaile
at euery blaste of winde:
And euery stozme of wallowing waues,
oppzest with wozher minde,

And

And drowndе her eyes, with salti sh teares,
she vtterlye deteste:
Sir CYMONS loue, and bouldnesse, that
had purchaste her vnreste.
As though, that stormie whirlwindes, not
of other cause dyd swell:
But by the wrathfull ire of Goddes,
to wreacke with furie fell
His bouldе attempte: And wyllyng not
that CYMON shoulde enioy
The rauishte Virgyn, quietlye,
by frее, without annoye.
But sure she thought, by sentence iuste,
of Gods, they both shoulde die:
And ende their wretched direfull dayes,
in wofull myserie.
Amongst these Girlysh waylynges, then,
and anguish of the minde:
The watermen, and Maryners,
were wauerynge as the winde,
And doubtfull muche, whiche way to turne
their Shyp, and them to saue:
And (styll the windes begynnyng more,
with boysteous blastes, to raue.
Their bark, was driuē to the Ile of Rhodes
whiche for the tempest, they
Could not discerne, and knowe to bе,
vpon the Rhodian Sea.
And studiyng now, for onely healthe,
they put their helpyng hande:

Both

Both all, and some to leaue the Seas,
and bringe their Ship to lande.
Where (as the Constellacions wrought)
they landed at that place
To whiche the Rhodians came before,
whiche CYMON let to passe.
And yet they knew not that they were
arryu'd at Rhodes, before
That SOL displaide his splendent beames
next morow on the shore.
For then they sawe, the Ship at Hauen,
whiche they did let departe:
The day before: not distant more,
from them, then throw of Darte.
Wherfore, Sir Cymon pensiue now,
leaste that shoulde chaunce did feare
To him, whiche happed presently,
as you shall after heare.
Then he commaundes with diligence
the Ship from thence remoue,
In haste: not caryng to what Porte,
their Tacklynges els they shoue:
For well he knewe, all other Portes,
from daungers more were free:
And SCYLLAS wombe, lesse wrackfull,
where now they landed bee. (then
The Shipmens painfull trauayle, and
his Mates endeuour now
Were boteless: For the shrillie windes,
still backewardes dyd them blow.

And

And by their force and furdie strength,
are driuen vpon the shore:
Against their wyll, for wrastlyng styll,
to turne from thence their Dore.
The windes did land them, at the hauen
of Rhodes: where by and by:
The Rhodian shipmen, knew right wel
and did them streight deserie.
Then of them one, did hastely ronne,
to Towne, not distant farre:
Where al the route, of Gallantes stoute,
that tyme assembled ware.
And orderly, recaith to them,
that IPHIGENIA:
And CYMON, blowen with stormie blasts
tost on the roaryng Sea.
Are now arriu'd at Rhodian lande,
and all the circumstaunce,
He shewes to them: And all thinges els,
that hapte to them, by chaunce.
(Which heard) the lustie youth of Rhodes
did leaps for prsent ioye:
Euen lyke, as dyd the valient Grekes,
at ouerthrow of Troy.
And rushyng forth, lyke ragyng route,
they murdred many men:
And then with speede, vnto the Seas,
they flockmeale, all dyd renne.
Wher CYMON, hasting now his flight
with IPHIGENIA:

The Rhodians, him in raidon of courte
preuente, and make to staye:
Yet fayled not his nobie hearte,
to staude in his defence:
Against the Rhodian warlyke Troupe,
for first he did dispente
With hyle: And wyllyng was to spende,
his bloud vpon his foe:
And many, by his Kingely force,
their liues vpo forgoe.
And though his prowesse, some did yelde
to ATROPOS their breathe:
And some were maymde, and other slayne
with direfull darte of Death.
Yet vayled not, his valiant Actes:
and chiualrous Renowne:
For taken hym they Prysoner ledde,
to nere adioynyng Towne.
Then thither came LISYMACHVS,
whether in that yeare by chaunce:
Was Maiestrate: And in that Ile
had chiefest gouernaunce.
Beyng garded with a warlyke route,
cõmaundes, that CYMON, then
And all his Aduanes, sheulde be throwen
to depe, and darksome denne.
For PASMONDE, and the Senate elle
of Rhodes appoinctes so.
When they, how all the matter Rode,
effectuallie did knowe.

Now hath th'vnhappy Louer, loste
his IPHIGENIA.
Whome he had gainde not muche before,
by fight vpon the Sea.
Of whome he neuer tasted sweete,
besides a litle hope:
For hire of paynes allredy paste,
to reape the gouldē croppe.
Saue that, he colde her lillie necke,
and kist her rosie lippes:
And claspte her ofte in colded Armes,
agayne: her Corps he clyppes.
But all this sodayne ioye, is turnde
agayne to wonted woe.
His IPHIGENIA, now he must
against his wyll forgoe.
Thus wandryng wide, to séeke for rest,
in stormie tydes is trapte:
And labouryng long, through Gulphes of
in care vnwares, is wrapte. (waues,
Then fawnyng Fortune framde (he sayd)
with painted face for shoe:
O brittle cursed Fate, that forst de
my state to alter so.
The chiefe, and auncient Matrones, then
receiu'de her courteously:
And cherisde her with nourishmentes:
And of captyuitie:
Beyng partly sadde, her galpyng griefes
with solace, they appease:

And partly wearied, with the toyle,
and trauayle on the Seas.
And there abode she styll with them,
vntyll th'appointed day.
To celebrate Thespousell rites,
had chaste the night awaye.
To leade a captiue Prisoners lyfe,
the Senate graunted now
To CYMON and his Mates, for that
some fauour they did show
Unto the Rhodians: (for they gaue
them, licence to departe:
With bagge, and baggage, free frō death)
But PASMONDE, for his parte,
With instant suite, did vrge that they,
in prysen might be slayne:
To whiche, they were condemnde for ayre
to leade their lyues in payne.
Where they should ende their wretched
(as Reason did require:) (dayes
Whyle breath doth last, depryu'de of hope
to pleasures to aspyre.
The meane whyle now, when PASY-
for Nuptialles doth prepare: (MOND
And all prouision nede defuit, he
prouides with carkyng care.
Beholde, how Fortune wou'd with ruthe
of former acte repente:
And now for CYMON, healthfull ayde
she frendly doth inuent.

Thus, lost in gripe of death to lyfe,
in Hell mouthe, helpe is founde:
And LACHESIS, the knot half losde,
hath fast, and firmely twounde.
For entrying in, at PLVTOS dore,
and yeldyng vp the Ghaste:
With gaspyng wit for breath, she how
his bertue, Death hath loste.
And lyfe begynnes in him againe,
to runne his wonted race:
So, Death is banisht, and lyfe restorde
by Fortunes gentle grace.

This PASMONDE, had a Brother, (namde
HORMIDAS, yonge of yeares:
But yet abt lesse, in valiantnesse
then PASMONDE, or his pieres.
With wich (long deliberation had)
decréed to take to wife,
A Virgyn callde CASANDRA: and
with her to leade his lyfe.
And for she was, of fewmely shape,
adournde with Courtly grate:
LISYMACHVS the Senatour
did coueit to embrace.
With stretched Armes, her comly Corps,
whom with affection hote
Lykewise suche sorte, that he desirde
her Loue for to bée.

C.iij. For

For restlesse rage, of scorching loue,
to melted so his hearte.
Being clapt onwares in VENVS clawes
and stong with CVPIDS darte.
Now PASIMONDE, intempting,
the Nuptiall solytie:
With sumptuous preparations, as
was meete for his degree.
Thought good, his Brother HORMIDAS,
for to perswade, that they
Night (entring both in IVNOES Rites,)
be Bryde grooms on a day.
So shoulde they saue, the double charge,
and coastes, of Mariage feaste:
Yet me thinke, that so the charge;
his Brothers shoulde be lesse.
Yet therfore, wo CASSANDRAES frends
the matter doth bewaile:
And of her father praies, to graunte
her, to be feere, and mate
Unto his Brother HORMIDAS:
and geuen to him, to wyfe.
They shoulde be ioynde in sacred bondes,
of wedlocke, all their lyfe.
And that same day, as he did wedde
his IPHIGENIA
His Brother shoulde be maryed to
his Ladie CASSANDRA.
These consultacions, for ye same were,
vnto LISYMACHVS heard,

For

For (wanne of hope and comforte sleste)
from loves, he dyd departe:
Yet with perswasions, fancie fedes
hym, that CASSANDRA lovyll,
We linckt with hym, in IVNOS lawes,
and his desire fulfill.
If that HORMIDAS wedde hed not,
and take her to his wyfe:
Whese, and suche lyke deuise sondry thon
in mazed minde wet eryse.
But as a prudent man should do,
(that clayms of wisdome parte)
He closely kepes, his dolour kepes
enclosde, within his harte:
And compasseth in swart mynde,
what wayes he might with spede:
Disturbe this mariage, and wold not finde
a lawfull meanes, in dede.
Wherfore, agrees he with him selfe,
and fully doth conclude:
To winne by force, the Virgyns grace,
and cares for to exclude:
Which, wel (his thought,) he might atchive
and playnly bring to passe:
For that he bare the chiefest sway,
and honor in that place.
On thother parte, his dignytie
and tipe of highe renowne
Revockte him, from that enterprise,
whiche to his shame, should sowne.

For that his shining Fame, doth adde
dishonor to the facte:
The more, yf one of his estate,
committe so lewde an acte.
But after muche aduisement had,
Sir Loue, did gayne the place,
Of honestie: and Reason so,
to lurke, did yelde his trace.
And now LISYMACHVS, dothe haste
with danger of his health:
Yea: and with losse of lyfe: to take
his praye awaye by stealthe.
And roulyng oft in searchyng head,
what order he might take:
Or what assistentes he might vse,
an ende therof to make.
And byeng the matter to good passe,
bethought himselfe anone:
(As hap would haue, and Fortune gaue)
of CYMON that dyd mone
His thraldome, beyng closely clapte,
in Gayle, and Dungeon deepe:
Wt here straitly, byde, and all his mates,
the Wardeyne still did keepe.
Ye, therfore ponderyng well, the causes
with, hearte, and hande agree:
Unto this sentence: which, he mindes
should ratyfied bee.
That no man could be founde more true,
or of fidelytie:

This

This weightie charge, to take in hande
then CYMON was, whome he,
The nexte night after, brought by stelthe,
from sleepe, and wellike lades:
Unto his Chamber, bolde with Goulde,
and thus to him he spake.

ORATIO LISYMACHI AD CYMONEM.

EVen as (sir CYMON) Gods are bent
and alwayes redy bent.
To geue their gracious gifts to men
with store abundantly.
So do they require of them,
both paynfull industrie:
And valiantnes withdiligence,
and whom againe they see
Strong harted, in calamity,
to suffer crabbed chaunces:
Those they, as worthy, manlyke men
to honors great auaunce.
The Gods wolde, of thy courage stoute,
a greater triall take:
And more experiences, of thy might.
(more glorious it to make.
Then thou thy selfe, in Farbers house,
of riches heapes with store:)
Couldst make to shine, & shew it selfe
lyke bright, & glistring ore.

And (as the Fame flieth through ſtowne)
ths Goddes, haue framed thee:
Dſoull, and ſenceleſſe blocke: a wyſe,
and wittie man to bee
Beſides: withe Fortune wraſtlyng now,
and thrall to filthy gayle.
The Gods wyl trie thee, if thy ſtrength,
within thy hearte do quayle.
Or if thou be that man, as earſte,
when thou with manlyke mighte:
Obteinde the happie conqueſt: and
didſte wynne thy pray by fight:
For if thou ſhew thy ſelfe the ſame,
(as late thou were,) to bee:
The Goddes, dyd neuer geue to man,
more mirthfull iolytie:
Or wiſched pleaſure, and more Ioye
then now they do entende:
To graunt and yelde vnto thy hearte,
thy heaped cares to ende.
And what that is, I wyll in briefe,
and fewe wordes, tell to thee.
That thou maiſte gather wonted hearte,
and animoſitie.

The glad and ioyfull PASYMONDE
at theſe vnhappie chaunces:
And chiefe procurour of thy deathe,
makes haſte his miſchiefe aduaunce.

In

In marriage, to thy sightfull Bryde,
thyne IPHIGENIA:
Thespouselles eke to celebrate,
appointes a solempne day.
That therby, he might taste the sweete,
of that thy conquerde praye:
Whiche smylynge fortune, gaue to thee,
and frownynge toke awaye.
And well I know, what sorte this
should bee vnto thy hearte:
If in thy breste, of scaldyng heate
of loue, thou feale the smarte,
HORMIDAS tos: that selfe same daye,
intendes lyke iniurie:
And wrongeto me, and lyke despyte,
with hatefull Tyrannie.
For he wyll wed CASSANDRA, whom
I minde to take to wyfe:
Whose sight, so deare is to my hearte,
as is to mee my lyfe.
To take reuenge, of this reprochfe,
and contumelious wronge:
Fortune, hathe offerd vnto vs here
to vs: as Fortresse stronge.
Go to therfore, and (the our guide)
let vs with naked Blade:
Quite violent way, and valiantly
resistynge Foes inuade.
To seconde tauntchement, for shame
plucke vp thy noble hearte.

And strife for me, let force be found,
To play his wonted parte.
Yf thou wylt stoutly follow me,
the Captayne, of this Acte:
And guide of famous enterprise,
and glorious shyning face.
Behelde, I yelde into thy handes,
both auncient lybertie:
And IPHIGENIA, I wyll giue,
thy lawfull wyfe to bee.
The which two thinges, thou oughtest to
none earthly Treasure more: (esteme
(For hearties delight, all men yseteres,
and healthe, their wealthe before.)
These sayinges of LISYMACHVS,
did CYMONS hearte reuiue:
And stylled, through his erased Coyse,
where Death, with lyfe did striue:
And hope, hath vanquished now despeyre,
and wished quiet rest,
Enioyes within his hearte, the place,
that holdes once possest.
Then presently without delaye,
vnto LISYMACHVS:
Sir CYMON, framde his filed tale,
and then, he answered thus.
(LISYMACHVS) thou shalt not finde
a harbler man then mee:
Or of more tried faithfulnesse,
or greater Constancie.

To

To compasse this thy route attempte,
yf so (as thou doest saye:
That Fortune shall pursue the fame,
in yeldyng graunted prayer.
Therfore, what charge vnto my lot,
thou wilte assigne, forsee:
And loke what office thou appointe,
shall gratefull bee to mee.
And I wyll treade what path thou wilte
and venture lyfe, to treade
Amidste the Speares, of enemies Mentes,
or yeldyng Serpentes heade.
Say on therfore, not heartiesse, I
or dreadyng fearyng foes:
Wyll folowe thee my Captayne, thoughe
my lyfe therby I lose:
To this LISYMACVS replyed,
within twoo dayes, saide he:
Our foes concluded to procede,
vnto Solemnytie.
In mariage of thy wife and mine,
and then they shall be brought:
Into their Bridegrownes mansion place,
loe: thus I haue bethought.
We armde, with other trustie Mates,
at firste watche of the night:
Shall rushynge in the house, conuey
them from the feaste, by might.
And rannisht: bryngе them to a Ship,
whiche for that purpose, I

Haue made: & hoouerynge cauſde on ſeas,
not diſtant farre, to lye
And no man wyll we ſpake, of thoſe,
that wyll our purpoſe ſtaye:
Or our intent, with violence let,
foreſtallynge vs, the waye.
The owner, to accomplyſh thus
the matter, pleaſde him well:
Whithe in the Pryſon, tyll that daye,
diſſemblynge wiſe dyd dwell.
And now hath PYROEIS, EOVS the,
with AETHON, and PHLEGON,
Drawen forth in Skies, the golden waine
of bright, and gliſteryng Sonne.
And lo: AVRORE, her purple doores,
hath opened in the eaſte:
And LVCIFER, hath chaſde the ſtarres,
and LVNA takes her reſt.
The day aſſignde, for mariage rytes,
of louers wiſhde, is come:
Which gorgeouſlie, ſolemnizde were,
with pompe: of all, and ſome.
While all the houſe, of brothers bothe,
with regall ryot, ſhyne:
And they in middſte of coſtly cates,
and quaffyng BACCHVS wine:
The mene whyle, now LISYMACHVS
not ſleapyng his ententes
Appointed well, with needfull thinges,
to due accompliſhment.

Of late decréd enterprice,
his carued Blade doth hide:
Within his Garment: so the rest,
for feare, leaste they be spyde.
Sir CYMON then, & CYMONS men,
and his men, be deuide:
To thies twynes: lotting to eche ranke,
a Captayne, and a guide.
For some by stealthe, vnto the Hauen,
LISYMACHVS hath sent:
Least Rhodians, staie their purpose, and
of shyppyng them preuente.
Some in ÿ Porch of PASMONDS house
be closely cause to staye:
For feare therfoes, their passage stoppe,
or entercluse their waye.
Hee, with the rest, and CYMON tw,
about prefixed tyme:
And his agreement was before,
the Brydale house vs clyme.
They scale the walles, and win the Forte
then enter they with force:
The sopping Chãber, where the Brides,
refreshd with swde their Corse.
Amongste them, other Ladyes sate,
by order, in degree:
At royall Table, richely dight,
and garnishde sumptuously.
With massie Bowles, of golden Cuppes,
bedecte with Pearle, and Stone:

With other Gēmes, APOLLOS beames
not muche vnlike that shonne.
And furnisshde well with speciall cates,
and daintie Princelike fare:
Yet CYMON and LISYMACHVS,
for nought their purpose spare.
But Ladies headlong downe they hurle,
and rush with reuell coyle:
And take their Ladies, eche his owne,
deuidyng so the spoyle.
And to their Pages them commyt,
which to that ende dyd staye:
To bringe with speede vnto their shippes
their longe desired praye.
The Wiues, and other Matrones then
complete with howlynge cryes,
With waylings huge, & clamours great,
do fyll the hautie Skies.
Now CYMON and LISYMACHVS,
with bloudie Blades in hande:
Do make them waye, for no man dare,
with force against them stande.
Descendyng swiftly downe, they passe
the Stayers with hastie foote:
For (gainde their bootie) there to staye,
they thought it was no boote.
Where PASMOND mette wt them, and
with all his rustlyng broyle: (mazde
And troublous rustlyng: purposde then,
to rescue conquerde spoyle.

And

And armde him with a hugie staffe,
and rashly wantynge might:
To CYMON ranne with headlong pace,
to vanquish hym by fight:
But all in vaine, with peised stroke,
well aymed at his head:
He feld hym, where he staggerynge lays.
before his fæte for deade.
HORMIDAS to, endeuourynge now,
to quitte his Brothers death:
Through CYMONS woũd, lieth on the
and gaspeth for his breathe. (ground
And diuers other rælde to th'earth,
that by his might were slayne
Which hand to hand, durst leobard lyke,
the Combatte to darrayne.
Thus haue these Louers, won w Sword,
and ventred lyfe to gayne
Their Ladies. And withstanders all
before their fæte are slayne.
And then, they leauynge PASMONDES
reflowynge all with blood: (house
(Wherof the great effusion staynde
the grounde, where as they stode.
And bellowyng oft, with wæpyng grones
and boysterous stearyng prease)
Without disturbers, all arryue,
in safetie, at the Seas.
And seruynge in the Brigantine,
the Virgyns wonne by force:

D.i. And

And clymbynge w̄ their Yates, the Shyp,
they take the Se.i, perforce.
Committyng to the winde, their Sayles,
and vsing Shypmens Arte:
And active diligence: with spéde,
from shoare, they all departe.
Whiche présently was stord with suche,
as satisome aide dyd bringe,
Unto the captiue Damselles: that
for woe, their Ioinctes did wringe.
But they ran safe to Ile of CRETE,
where, of their friendes, they were
And kinsmen: Gestwise entertainde,
with gentle, curteise chere.
Where at their entre in the Towne,
the Belles for ioye were ronge.
And thousandes came by heapes to méete,
Sir CYMON, and his thronge.
And after duetie done, they cryed
all, with consentyng voyce:
And sayde: The Goddes (Sir CYMON) (graunt
thée euer to reioyce.
And spende the rest of vitall dayes,
in heaped store of myrth:
Tyll ATROPOS shal cause thy Corse
entumbde to lye in earth.
For thou hast tastes soppe of gall,
before thou dyd obteyne:
In hyre of restlesse, tossyng toyle,
the longe desired gayne.

Where

Where, after fewe dayes spent in spoztes
and showtyng pleasant playes:
And solempne feastes, to mighty MARS
foz yeldynge happy prayes.
They celebzate the Nuptiall foyes,
and wed their wisshed wyues:
Enioyng of that rauine myzthe,
contynuynge both their lyues.
Amongste the RHODIANS, CYPRI-
great discozde did aryse: (ANS eke,
And troublesome incumbzance sprongе
twixte them in hatefull wyse,
But finally, on eyther parte,
entreatie of their frendes:
And kynsmens medyacion, tournde
their foes obdured myndes.
And stablishde then: that (foz a tyme,
sasteyned briefe exyle:
And banishment from natyue lande,
to last a lytle whyle.)
With IPHIGENIA, CYMON should,
at CYPRVS Soyle sojourne:
And with CASSANDRA home to Rho-
LISYMACHE might retorne. (des
Eche to his Countrey backe agayne,
in shozte tyme to reuerte:
Where, wt their wiues, they lyu'd in ioys
with glad and merie hearte:
Foz when the stozmes of cancred hate,
were ouerblowen and past:

And

And scorneful spight, had spente his gall
on Seas by whyrlynge blaste.
And Gnates belching Fawes were stopde
by VENVS louynge Boye:
And tracte of time, ware out of mynde,
all gnawyng cares anoye.
And LETHE gulfde in drenchyng drink
the death of PASIMONDE:
And IPHIGENIA, now discharged
of former vowed bonde.
Did yelde at length with willyng mynd,
to CYMONS gentel hearte:
And by the graunte of wisshed grace,
deuorde his former smarte.
And thus they passde their happy dayes,
in neuer dynge blysse:
Of whiche, I craue of God, for aye
good Ladies neuer misse.

FINIS.

Amore manco la libertá
Ben fu saggio colui, chi primo
amore garzon dipinse.
Chiusa fiamma é piu ardente.
Il fuoco ristretto, molto piu
fieramente cuoce.
Che quello, il quale per ampio luogo,
manda le fiamme fore.